*Balt.* Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
*Fri.* Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe ſculles, as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monuo ent.
*Balt.* It doth ſo holy ſir, and theres my maſter, one that you loue,
*Fri.* Who is it?
*Balt. Romeo.*
*Fri.* How long hath he bin there?
*Balt.* Full halfe an houre.
*Fri.* Goe with me to the Vault.
*Balt.* I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
*Fri.* Stay, then ile goe alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
*Balt.* As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreampt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.
*Fri. Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what bloud is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
*Romeo*, oh pale: who elſe, what *Paris* too?
And ſleept in bloud? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guilt e of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
*Iuli.* O comfortable *Frier*, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
*Fri.* I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy



Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſter-hood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming,
Come, goe good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.
*Exit.*

*Iuli.* Goe get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup cloſd in my true loues hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath beene his timeleſſe end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happly ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

*Enter* Boy *and Watch.*

*Watch.* Leade boy, which way?
*Iuli.* Yea noiſe? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger.
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
*Boy.* This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
*Watch.* The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard,
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find, attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried,
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

*Enter* Romeos *man.*

*Watch.* Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
*Chiefe Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.

*Enter* Frier, *and another Watchman.*

3. *Watch.* Here is a *Frier* that trembles, ſighes, and weepes.


wee